JAVA FREE PRESS

# BAG CHIP BIRD

A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF BAG CHIP BIRD

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION

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Illustrations by Geinisa P

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**Bag Chip Bird**

written by
W. D. Mayberry
and illustrated by
Geinisa P.

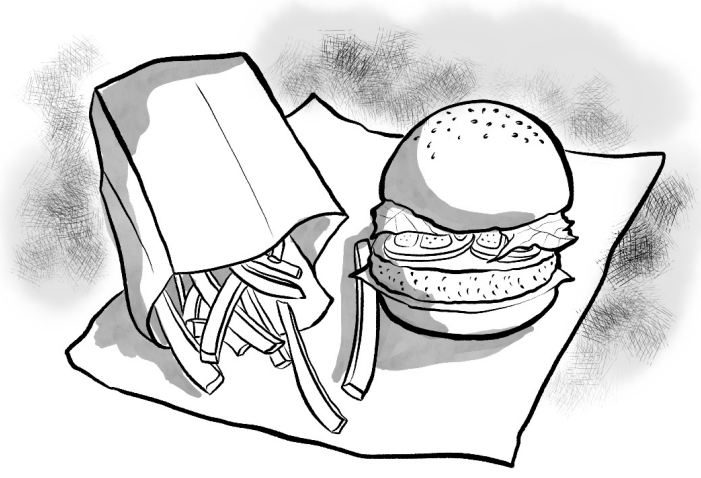
As I walked along the boardwalk, I could see that there was about to be another storm.

A storm to me was an opportunity for a bathe, a birdbath. Quite suitable, as this is what I was, a bird.

Blessed with the ability to fly, soar above the buildings, the trees, the people, and quite often danger. Life as a bird was really, quite simple.

It involved finding safe shelter, food and water. That was it, nothing more.

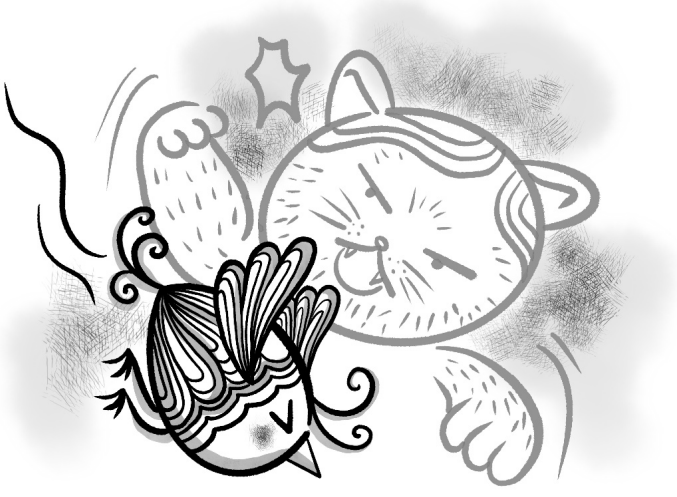
You lived your life as best you can and then one day, well it's a car, a bad person, a cat or sometimes even a dog, sometimes you just get sick and then they say you get to land in that big tree in the sky.



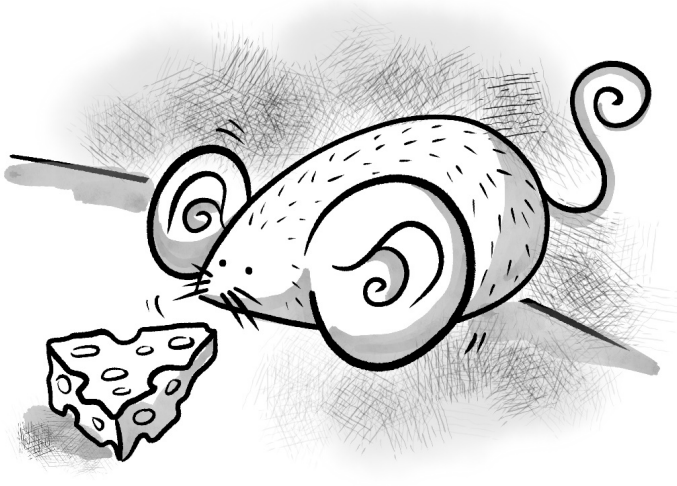
My name is Michael, but I am called Bag Chip to everyone. You know that lonely little chip that people don't want that's left in the bottom of the brown paper chip bag.

I can literally survive on that chip for two days. Next thing you know, the others called me Bag Chip, and as nicknames often do, the name stuck.

I am so hungry, but I have no time to eat. It's time to bathe. I found a puddle. Not too deep, not too shallow, and it's in an open space so I can watch for cats.



I don't like cats. They are scary, they bite and claw, and their second favourite food is, you guessed it, birds.



I have heard that their favourite of all food is a mouse. I have never met a mouse, not even spoken to one, but I must say, I am not impressed. For a start, a mouse has no feathers, so not to be trusted. They hurry along, always looking sneaky and sly. They smell, oh how bad do they smell? And the worst thing of all, they attract snakes. Another thing I don't like, and yes, worst of all, is they attract cats.

A mouse, to a cat, is like an entree. They gobble the unfortunate little mouse up, and then, watching from a tree, you can almost see the moment when the cat thinks, I know I need something more main course. I know, a bird.

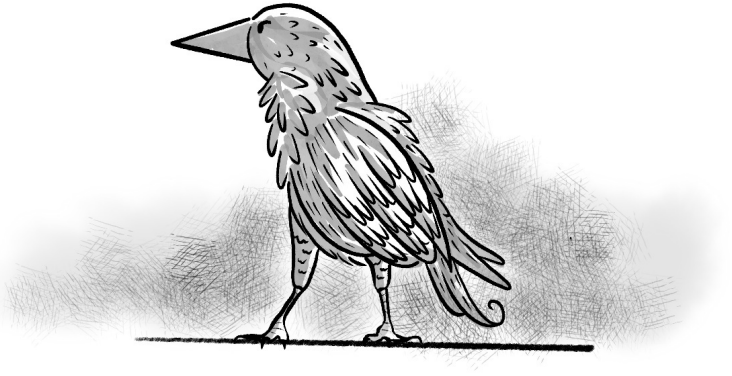
Then the cat spots a bird in the tree, and well, we all know about cats, you see, they can climb trees. Once, my long-time mate Cheese Wrapper, or just Cheesy to his mates, was stalked for almost three hours by a cat. Then, just when he thought the cat had lost interest and was gone, it pounced, and Cheesy was off to land in that big tree in the sky.

After my cat-free bath, I flew up to the top of the streetlamp. From there you could watch the people walk around. They're funny, those people, but very kind. Well, most of them.

They come in all kinds of sizes and shapes. Birds are simple, different species, but the male is always nice looking. The female is generally a light colour or with colours like the male but not as bright.
People are all sorts of shapes, sizes, colours, and heights. The big ones tend to eat more and drop more crumbs, scraps and, yes, bag chips, mmmm.

The skinny ones are very stingy, and they don't eat much, so no crumbs, scraps, or bag chips. They are also always in a hurry, running or walking with their dogs. You never see any walking their cats, though. These big people, though, that's where the food is at.

Once while we were all waiting for some kind person to leave us our lunch, this big person walked off to their car and forgot their hamburger. So it was just left there on the seat. Myself, Cheesy, Pickle, Cupcake and Cherry had ourselves a feast. It was great, at least until Bill the Crow turned up. They are big birds crows, and we all stay away from them.



They have this huge pointed beak that can hurt if they peck at you. I've never been pecked by a crow, but I know a few birds who have. They don't advise it.

Anyway, that's about a day in my life. It's getting dark now, so time to find a nice safe place to sleep and dream about worms.

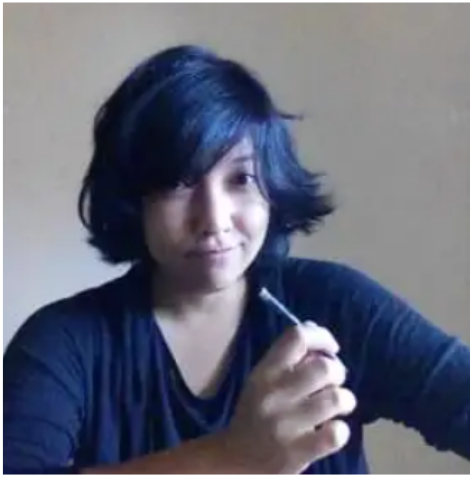
I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.

The End

# About the author

William Dirk Mayberry is an Australian writer and independent digital publisher based in West Java, Indonesia. Writing across fiction, memoir, essays, educational works, self-help, and reflective nonfiction, his work explores memory, resilience, observation, and everyday human experience through a direct and personal style. His interest in storytelling began during his service in the Royal Australian Navy and later developed into a growing catalogue of independently published digital works released under the Java Free Press imprint. His publications include memoirs such as The Longest Way Home, children's stories from the Bag Chip Bird series, practical educational titles from the 101 Self Help collection, and speculative fiction projects including the Crononaught Collection. Influenced by writers such as Robert Louis Stevenson, his work combines realism, introspection, and accessible storytelling across a range of genres and formats.

# About Geinisa P.



An inspirational and upcoming artist from Bandung, Indonesia, Geinisa P has an extensive portfolio of work and six years' illustrating experience. Her ability to build usable user interfaces and user experiences has provided her with an opportunity to pursue a life of freelancing her skills as an illustrator. This has allowed her to realise a flexible, balanced, honest, and professional career as a prominent artist.

Throughout W. D Mayberry's children's book series, Bag Chip Bird, Geinisa P's illustrations provide the story with fun and vibrant characters who come to life, capturing young readers' attention and imaginations.

Geinisa P. can be contacted to create more beautiful artwork and illustrations via the Freelancer website @ https://www.freelancer.com/u/saiyaneia

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